Thunder and lightning are cross-ingly rare on the Pacific coast. A genuine thunder storm has visited Call-fornia but twice in twelve years.

We will give \$100 reward for any case of court that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrie tarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catalian Cure. Taken internally. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Propra., Toledo, O The devil has never been bothered nuch about how to reach the masses.

SYRUP FIGS

ONE ENIOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and ac-ceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities com-mend it to all and have made it

the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. COURSVILLE, KY. AEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and I lifted one leg over the sill, then the work have. At the beginning of last other, dropped my feet carefully upon Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottlesof German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines

Taking butter from milk was known in the earliest times. It was left for our time to make a milk of codliver oil.

Milk, the emulsion of butter, is an easier food than butter. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easier food than cod-liver oil. It is rest for digestion. It stimulates, helps, restores, digestion; and, at the same time, supplies the body a kind of nourishment it can get in no other way.



LAUGHS.

THE WAITING JULIET

The house in question was what Peter the fehelar (who corrects my proof-shorts) calls use of the rusinurby sort—the front facing a street and the back looking over a turfed garden, with a limetree or two, a laburnum and a lawn fennis court marked ont, its white lines plain to see in the starlight. At the end of the garden, a door, painted dark green, led into a door, painted dark green, led into a narrow lane between high walls, where if two persons met one had to turn at the end of the lane, and when he if two persons met one had to turn at the end of the lane, and when sideways to let the other pasa. The climb in and drive off.—" hip, and just beyond this, in the high road, George was waiting for us with the dog-cart. We had picked the usual time—the

dinner-hour. It had just turned dark and the church clock, two streets away, was chiming the quarter after eight, when Peter and I let ourselves in by the green door I spoke of, and feit along the wall for the gardener's ladder that we knew was hanging there. A simpler job never was. The bedroom window on the first floor stood right open to the night air; and inside was a faint candle-light flickering, just

"She's good for half-a-hour yet,"
Peter whispered, holding the ladder,
while I began to climb; "but if I hear
her voice stop, I'll give the signal to

I went up softly, pushed my head gently above the level of the sill, and

It was a roomy place, with a great half-tester bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The curtains were of chintz, a dark background, with flaming red

a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm, the thick carpet, and went quickly round the bed to the dressing-table.

But at the corner, and as soon as ever I saw round the chintz curtain, my knees gave way, and I put out a hand toward the bed-post.

ruddy—your poppies are too red!"

'Then I'm glad my color's come
back; for, to tell the truth, you did
give me a turn just at first. You were

took it like a man in a transe.

We put the ladder back to its and stole over the turf together.
outside the garden-door Peter stand no more of it. stand no more of it.

"I've a fire-arm in my pocket," whispered he pulling up, "and I'm going to fire it off to relieve my factings, if you don't explain here and now. Who is she?"

"You mug—she's the Original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and you've got her jewels."

"Pardon me, Jem," says he in his gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see. Are you taking her off to melt her or marry her? For how to get rid of her else—"

climb in and drive off—"

"To the end of the world—to the very rim of it, my here."

She pulled the gems from her ears, hair, and bosom, and handed them to Peter, who received them with a bow.

Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and, having carefully stowed the diamonds inside, looked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat, and walked off toward the dog-cars.

"My dearest lady," I began, as soon as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life—"

"There is but little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married, and my sisters married, and my sisters daughters; and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my prince."

"No. I dare say not."

"Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning—"

A low whistle sounded at the top of bedroom window on the first floor stood right open to the night air; and inside was a faint candle-light flickering, just as a careless maid will leave them afor her mistress has gone down to a dinner. To be sure, there was a chance of her coming back to put them out; but we could hear her voice going in the servants' hall as we lifted the ladder and rested it against the sill.

"She's good for half-shour yet."

walls, 'if the devotion of a life—"

"There is but little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married, and my sisters' daughters; and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They ware none life.

Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning—"

A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back, and, turning, ran for my life. I suppose that as I ran, I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet pattering after my

dark background, with flaming red poppies sprawling over it; and the further curtain hid the dressing-table, and the candles upon it and the jewel-case that I confliciently hoped to stand upon it also. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor, and the wall-paper, I remember—though, for the life of me, I can not tell why—was a pale gray ground, worked up to imitate watered silk, with sprigs of gilt honeysuckles upon it.

She must have run like a demon; for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my wrist and pulled me up on to the back seat of the dog-cart. And before George could set the horse going, her hand cluched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp, and she never got near enough again. But for half a minute I looked into that horrible face following us and working after me. Here is an incident from the South

Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that room or in the passages beyond. With its death up here—not a sound in the room or in the passages beyond. With the least it now.—Monostrate the Grippe had visited that room or in the passages beyond.

WHERE WAR D Thirteen Missionaries Living Among the

Wittest Tribes in Africa.
Seven years ago Mr. Grenfell and Lieut. Von Francois made known the great Bololo people, who are spread wy knees gave way, and I put out a hand toward the bed-post.

Before the dressing-table, and in front of the big gissa in which she could see my white face, was an old lady seated.

She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown, out of which rose the soraggiest neck and shoulders I have ever looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. Between the two candles the powder showed on her cheek-bones like flour on a miller's coat. Chin on hand, she was gazing steadily into the mirror before her, and, even in my fright, I had time to note that a glass of sherry and a plate of rice and curry well scared out of my wits, she rose, still staring at my image in the glass, folded her hands modestly over ber bosom, and spoke, in a deep, tragical voice:

"The prince!"

Then, facing sharply around, she held out her thin arms.

"You have come—at last?"

There was not much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it. Even with the candles behind her, I could see her eyes glowing like a long's, and an uglier poor creature this world could scarcely show.

"Is the ladder against the window?"

"Since you seem to know," said I it is."

"Ah, Romeo! Your cheeks are uddy—your poppies are too red!"

"Then I'm glad my color's come oct; for, to tell the truth, you did

NAMED THE BASY B. A. T.



In a recent issue of the Police Ga-zette a magnificent portrait of Mile. Selika occupies a quarter page. The subject is one of the most famous terpeach rean artists on the French stage and for some months back has been the reigning sensation of Paris. An outline copy of the portrait is



given herewith. Besides being an artistic dancer, Mile. Selika is a famous beauty.

He Struck it Rich.

What would you think if some one that you knew to be responsible would offer to give you a well-stocked general store for one year's work? You would, no doubt, consider it big pay and jump at the chance. Well such things have beed done and are being done right along. Messra H. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., number among their amployees many men who carn the value of a first-class store every year. W. F. Davia worked for them awhile, and then opened a sinual general store at Hick's Wharf, Mathews county, Va., and wrote this firm as follows: "I can only say that I may not business credit for what I have your business credit for what I have your business credit for what I

People in Japan are called by the amily name first, the individual or what we call christian name next, and then the honorific—thus, "Smith Peter

The State of Illinois will pay a bounty of 3 cents a head for every Eng-lish sparrow that is killed within the limits of the State.

Man on benana peel gently doth glide Until his form on the pavement is acc it takes but a moment for him to doc That what he most needs is Conline.

She—Which of Mr. Caroll's poem's do you think evinces the boldest flight of the imagination? He—That in which he refers to himself as a poet. Mrs. Wisslow's Southing Syrap, for Children toething, softens the gums, reduces inflamention, allers pain, cures wind colle. So. a bottle E. E. Barnes of the New Jersey Ath-letic club has taken to bowling.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dis. Raises Grant Norce Restorer. No Fit after first day's man. Mar vallous ourse. Treatise and \$1.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, St. Arch St., Phila., Pa As lawyers would have it, Mother Eve

etacles were invented in the year 1320, but were not in general use nearly two hundred years later. Dr. Foote a new pamphlet on Various all about it, and what all men ought to kn [sealed] for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

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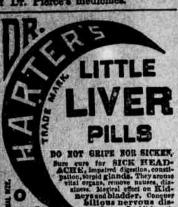


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